

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

This above all, to thine owne selfe be true,  
And it must follow as the night to day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell, my blessing season this in thee.

*Laer.* Most humbly doe I take my leave my Lord.

*Pol.* The time invests you, goe, your servants tend.

*Laer.* Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well  
What I have said to you.

*Ophel.* 'Tis in my memory lockt,  
And you your selfe shall keep the key of it.

*Laer.* Farewell. *Exit Laertes.*

*Pol.* What is't *Ophelia* he hath said to you?

*Ophel.* So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

*Pol.* Marrie well bethought.

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late  
Given private time to you: and you your selfe  
Have of your audience beene most free and bounteous.  
If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,

And that in way of caution, I must tell you  
You doe not understand your selfe so clearly  
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:  
What is between you? give me up the truth.

*Ophel.* He hath my Lord of late made many tenders  
Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection! puh, you speake like a greene girle,  
Unfitted in such perillous circumstance:  
Doe you beleewe his tenders, as you call them?

*Ophel.* I doe not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.

*Pol.* Marry I will teach you, think your selfe a babie,  
That you have ta'n these tenders for true pay,  
Which are not sterling: tender your selfe more dearly,  
Or (not to cracke the winde of the poore phrase)  
Wrong it thus, you'll tender me a foole.

*Ophel.* My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love  
In honourable fashion.

*Pol.* I fashion you may call it, goe too, goe too.

*Ophel.* And hath given countenance to his speech,  
My Lord with almost all the holy vowes of heaven.

## Prince of Denmark

*Pol.* I springes to catch W  
When the blood burnes how  
Lends the tongue vowes, the  
Giving more light than heat  
Even in their promise, as it is  
You must not tak't for fire: fr  
Be something scander of your  
Set your entreatments at a hi  
Than a command to parley; f  
Beleeve so much in him, that  
And with a larger tedder may  
Than may be given you: in f  
Doe not beleeve his vowes, fo  
Not of that dye which their i  
But meere implorators of unh  
Breathing like sanctified and  
The better to beguile: this is  
I would not, in plaine termes  
Have you so slander any mor  
As to give words or talke wi  
Looke too't I charge you, con

*Ophel.* I shall obey my Lord

*Enter Hamlet, H*

*Ham.* The aire bites shre

*Hora.* It is nipping, and a

*Ham.* What houre now?

*Hora.* I thinke it lacks of t

*Mar.* No, it is strooke.

*Hora.* Indeed, I heard it no  
Wherein the spirit held his w  
What does this meane my L

*Ham.* The King doth walk  
Keepes wassell, and the swag  
And as he draines his draugh  
The Kettle Drum and Trum  
The triumph of his pledge.

*Hora.* Is it a custome?

*Ham.* I marry is't,

*Pol.*